

The Bitonal Theory

by astroholic

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Summary: As notes cry and beg for me to open my mouth, and my mind tickles me and brought them impulse. You can't escape fate even in the world full of miracles. A piece with two different keys maybe displeasing, unless it decided not to be one.

1. Prelude

Haddock Op. 1

"Prelude"

"Son, we're almost here." My father interrupted my half-baked dreams of the things happened in my past norm. While jet lag accompanied my vision which was caught in a blur, a crescendo formed in my moss-stained eyes to dedicate themselves for seeing the magnificent view, I took the liberty of grasping every sight as I was fascinated by the sceneries in this town, from small suburban homes with snow-coated roofs, somewhat rustic streets colored by sleet alongside by people fashioned reasonably in fur coats, to a vaguely frozen lake which beamed naturally as the sunlight touches the surface, creating a fair share for the pine trees complemented by teardrop stains of the weather and by the clouds choking the blue of the sky, and of those children who found delight by throwing snowballs at their faces. Okay, that made me peachy on second thought. On third thought, a knock on my car door decided to give me a small staccato in my chest for a second, along with an adorable yawn of the unusual golden retriever. "We're here. Home sweet home!" my father stated with a jovial face portraying his excitement and nostalgia towards this town, his hometown.

As my feet pressed unto the ground, snow embraced my boots so I took every step heavily as my strength often betrays me while I watched my father easily walked past with our belongings to our home. I sipped a breath out of the cold as I found myself rather cozy with an eerie cuddle of this house; maybe it was welcoming, maybe, something else

until my black dog snapped my short daydream. My father set a spark enough to ignite the wood's flames of the fireplace, dispersing that odd feeling earlier. I walked towards my room to give myself a rest, removing the weariness that I had gathered from our flight here. For a while, I had found myself lackadaisical as I forgot to practice for piano; I went downstairs with my obligatory repertoire in my hands, putting them on a sturdy rack of the antique upright piano (as I suspect, it was untouched for a long time). My hands managed to endure the stiff keys long enough. I look for my compositions when my father announced for dinner. I mumbled a little but my stomach disagreed so.

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Waking up with a chill conquering my room, my body gathered enough motivation to open my eyes, stretch for a little bit and undress myself for a warm, inviting bath. I plunged in and thoughts poured down to my mind as reminiscence encroached, thinking of the possibilities for today. Music is about socializing by amplifying thoughts to one another. "I guess it's time to make my mark; I hope I won't fail this time, for sure." I whispered with my brows crossed a bit. Oh nostalgia, I don't need you anymore. As my one-man conversation was interrupted by a bark of my melanistic fellow, trespassed as he got inside my bathroom. Wait, what. "What the-Toothless! What are you doing? In my bathroom? Seriously?!" Then, of course, he invited himself for a bath. I stood up as fast as I could so I won't get any dog perfume of some sort. He relaxed for a bit and went out the tub to shake his wet fur; I guess I'll be taking the shower. Geez. "Thank you for nothing, you useless canine." Stated in a monotone manner.

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I dressed up and went downstairs just to discover my dad went ahead. I let my nose be possessed by the aroma of dad's cooking and let my hunger satisfied. As the hand hit the seventh ray of the clock, I was on my way to my new school, atleast it was new for me.

The academy greeted me with variations of buildings, rustic and modern, simple and grandiose, tall and small accompanied by green vast fields with cliques of different students, minding their own business. When I thought I would do the touring for myself, a braided blonde approached me, holding a piece of paper, welcomed me with a quirky smile; I responded with a crooked one. "You must be Hiccup Haddock III? I'm Astrid, President of the Student Council of Music Conservatory. Welcome to Berk University."

"You major in piano, right?" she inquired.

"Uh, yeah." I stuttered.

"Cool. I'm also a piano major. We could play a duet sometime." She smiled.

"Uh, yeah, sure."

"Soâ€¦ why transfer here in this school?"

"My dad wants me to."

"Oh, I see." She beamed while other students greet her.

"The school's famous for its conservatoire-ness." I mumbled.

"I guess. We were pretty much hard-working, they say. You too, right?"

"I'm okay. Pain, love it."

As we journeyed through different facades, she decided to tour me now for the interiors of the conservatory. She showed me our rooms painted in pastel with paintings of famous musicians hanging, mostly have baby grand pianos; soundproof music studios usually occupied by students focusing on lessons conducted by their professors one on one; some offices for the faculty members or the student council; and different libraries for music listening, contrapuntal, tonal, atonal, and post-tonal theories, history books and music sheets for sight-reading purposes (as an upright piano was placed on the corner of the library). "So that's most of it. Oh, wait." Astrid gestured the building nearby the music studios, "That two-story building there has most of the grand pianos, you could practice there if you want too." She smiled at me; then she received a call from an Asian looking student. She went towards the black haired girl in a swift move. I was left alone and curiosity hit me as I went for a trip to the building Astrid indicated.

I went for a scoop inside. While my footsteps created creaking sounds, it was drowned by transitions of an unfamiliar melody which were beautifully played as dynamics were well-distributed to every note, added that there were hints of Lydian modes. It has an unfathomable serenity yet mysteriously inviting; the mood contained mischief, bounce and uncertainty. It ended with a sudden fortissimo but shifted to pianissimo for the last motif. I convinced myself to open the timeworn door. As I entered the quite historic room, a pair of sapphire eyes laid unto me, subtly surprised yet stayed cool.

"Uhm that was that was nice, by the way." My tongue tripped over as I hesitated to speak.

"Oh, thanks." He formed a curve unto his lips and he continued to play Mozart on the old, dusty piano. I stood by, listening to those astounding phrasings, watching him, as his hands had no marks of any tension nor uneasiness; he created flawless articulations. Wow, I envy his confidence, or it's only my me-playing-while-others-are-watching fright. While I argue with myself, my oblivion disappeared as I noticed he left the room so I tried looking for him. I walked through the halls by the offices, the studios, the- I felt a tap on my shoulder so I tried looking back. Then, I felt a cold poke on my cheek while staring at those azure eyes, laughing.

"Are you trying to find me?" he snickered.

"Nope." I replied in a dull tone, trying to foreshadow disinterest.

"Okay!" he ran past me.

"Hey!" I shouted as my voice reached across the halls. He looked

back; coincidentally, Astrid and the girl looked back as well. However, I didn't mind them. I simply looked at the white haired guy.

"What's your name?" I asked with anticipation along with a smile maybe placed on my face.

"I told you, it's Astrid" instead of him, Astrid decided to reply while he just smiled at me and his eyes laughed; he walked away so I was going after him until a professor stopped before me. "This is no time for flirting. And no shouting at the corridors. Go to class, now." I shook my head in shame, on my way to the classroom.

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"He is a prodigy as he had composed at the age of 5. He mostly comprised brilliant, light and graceful pieces such as Piano Concerto No. 5 in D major, K. 175" | Symphony No. 31 in D major, also known as "Paris" and" | "

"Sorry, I'm late." I looked at the back of the classroom and there he was. The boy with a hair as white as snow entered the room sneakily to his chair. He looked at me and grinned again. He never ran out of smiles, I guess. It was pretty contagious so I replied with a small curve formed by lips. I mouthed words and started conversations with him as I start with a "How are you? Why are you late?" replied by a "I was carried away by the piano." I laughed softly but Mr. Gobber noticed me, giving me glares as he carried on with his lessons. I looked back just to see the guy listen attentively still with a curve on his face so I just paid attention as well. He really smiles a lot, huh.

"He was the poet of the piano and" | "

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After classes had ended, I went for my bicycle to head home until a cold breath tickled my ear. I received the same pair of ocean pupils, laughing again as if those eyes never cease to smile, it felt like a warm welcome of an old friend. "The name's Jack." He claimed so I replied mine, "Hiccup." "You have a hiccup? Let's buy some-"

"Nope, the name's Hiccup." I felt an embarrassment flowed through my veins especially he decided to giggle.

"Nice name." He replied with an uncontrollable laughter. This guy was pretty crazy. Does he always laugh?

"Thanks, June." I said recklessly.

"Jack" he corrected.

"Jeffrey. I know my name's cool but your laughter's quite pleasing to the ear." I returned in a blatant sarcasm.

"Thanks, I was touched." He placed his hand on his chest and smirked.

"Ha ha. You're welcome." A grin felt through my face as if I enjoyed

this nonsense.

He walked over to another bicycle post. "Can I ride alongside with you?" he asked. "Sure." I answered. We travel together, viewing the snow-spilled suburban sceneries hit by the sunset rays, cascading vermillion and gold with the blues of the snow and the sky. The roads were almost dry because winter was almost on its deathbed. Still, remnants of season were placed on every roofs and trees. We passed the frozen lake I saw earlier, the naked trees beside the road, bungalows with classic cars, and through a narrow bridge enough to fit us both.

"By the way, what's the name of the piece you played earlier?" I asked as it suddenly crossed into my mind.

An interval of silence was placed.

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"It's a secret" He beamed as usual.

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After that vague reply, I remained silent and focused more on the surroundings, sipping the charming views of Berk and Burgess. Snow still remained on some streets so we avoided the slippery road. Few playful children stopped their game of snowball fights and stared at us peculiarly but we did not mind them; I actually found it funny without any clear reason of this shallow amusement; I just ride along with Jack's laughter. We passed that frozen lake again. Waitâ€¦ we had been here. Still, I decided to keep my rant to myself and just enjoyed the worthwhile views. When snowflakes decided to fall, we stopped and sat on a waiting shed nearby Burgess Lake (as Jack noted the names of the places we just passed by); he still wore a comical grin but I tried to resume our conversation earlier.

"A secret? You're no fun." I whined with a hint of disappointment in my voice.

He just laughed at me stating "Some secrets are meant to stay confidential." A questioned looked casted upon my face but I decide to deviate the topic by stating "Obviously, you also major in piano." He jokingly replied, "You don't say?"

I rolled my eyes although my curiosity about that transcendental piece he played still remained at the back of my mind but I just go on with the interview, maybe I'll know it. "I had no clue at allâ€¦ Anyway, favorite composer?" I queried quite out of the blue.

"All of them" he replied with his smile exposing his teeth, which reminded me of freshly-fallen snow. What an answer.

"Ohhâ€¦ kay, uh, favorite piece then?" I asked. "All of them." He replied again in his jovial expression. I shook an unamused look but I still asked him trivial questions just to cause causeries with such replies of "All of them" or "Both". I gave up the discussion with Mr. Funnyman until he noticed my grimace.

"Why so silent?" he asked pretending he had no idea what would be the answer.

"No matter what I ask, you always say the same thing." I heaved a sigh as the caricature of my annoyance.

He laughed and I randomly counterpointed it for the sake of maybe having a chat with a dash of sense. "You're a really good pianist."

"Of course, I am." He said proudly; it caused the rationality's fruition to fail. Maybe I should go with the flow.

"Of course, you are." I mimicked him. "Would you play for me next time?" I asked.

"No way." He snickered.

"That's okay. I'll hear it sooner or later." I replied to his response, bargained with a smirk, not bothered by his rejection.

"Good thing you're almost keeping up with me, huh?" Jack answered.

"Yeah, sure. It took me for a while"

"By the way, I had a neat song stuck in my mind. Well, referring to your early question about my favorite piece, I'd like to answer it."

"Really?"

"Nah. Maybe later."

"Gee, thanks."

"Powell's 'Night Fury' Op. 3 No.1" he mumbled. I once heard of that fancy piano piece that could take you to the thought of oblivion and the feeling of being different. Well, that was a surprising. I never though Jack had that some kind of taste.

"But the thing is, that piece was pretty rare." I rolled my eyes as the setting sun was ready to plunge into the twilight and the snowfall marked its absence gained my attention. I stood up as well as him, kicking back the stand, preparing my bicycle. "Uh, it was nice meeting you. Soâ€¦ see you tomorrow. Bye, Jack."

"Bye, Hiccup!" He said my name while imitating a hiccup. _Very funny_.

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I went ahead to the market to buy stuff for dinner; a middle-aged woman suddenly greeted me. "Hey Hiccup! I'm Stoic's friend, Phlegma. Look how tall you are! You were a cute lil pipsqueak back then. Oh! He asked me to give you these." She handed me the right ingredients while looking quizzed. "Oh, don't ye worry! He paid." I claimed the bag, thanked and waved a goodbye. "Be careful on your way! The road's pretty slippery!" she shouted, diminishing, as I was on my way home.

I was welcomed by my black pet, jumped towards me, gave him a pat, with no sign of my father. I went to the kitchen and started mincing some spices, chopping some pork; the aroma of what I was cooking filled the air, making my dark companion show-off his existence, drooling over the food I was trying to prepare but his interruption made it hard, especially when he tried to jump on me. "Don't worry, bud. You'll eat later." He pleaded with his pout as he seemed to understand the word "later". I rolled my eyes and gave him a fish from the fridge. I continued what I was doing and finished it rather quick.

"Oh! That smelled good!" a loud voice from the living room echoed, footsteps created sforzandos as it entered the kitchen. "Hey, dad. Dinner's ready." I announced. "Good timing. My stomach's been demanding these days!" my dad exclaimed while reaching for the serving spoon. "You mean forever?" Ignoring my interjection to his proclamation, he savored every bite he took; he asked about my first day at school. I was about to answer but the telephone started ringing. "I'll get that." He said. Good thing Toothless suddenly accompanied me when I thought it would be an intimate alone time with me and my food again; I gave him some bony leftovers. While I was going to the staircase, Dad interrupted my leisurely walks to my bedroom, bidding me a good night, continuing his telephone conference maybe with a faculty member; I replied but he didn't seem to hear me. I headed to my room and rest for a while.

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I felt a tug near my feet; my eyes were sulky but my blanket decided for a divorce. The cold air embraced my body so I decided to fully wake up. The one who filed the annulment between me and my comforter was none other than Toothless, of course. I wore my uniform, fashioned with an olive scarf, give the black-furred fellow a pat on his head while he bit my scarf. "Toothless, I need to go." He didn't let go but he ran away with the green cloth. "Toothless! Come back here!" He stayed by the piano, wagging his tail, letting go the scarf. I picked my scarf and I saw my compositions under the pedals. The paper felt cold; it must have been the wind. I picked them up and put it on the drawer beside. I gave Toothless another pat. "See you later, bud." I headed to the conservatory while enjoying the subtle mist of the morning, the sunrise served as an aria to the cantata's daylight.

I went to the room filled by busy chattering of my classmates, and some playing the piano in an amateur manner. I sat down and saw Jack's seat empty. I wonder where he went again. The noise stopped when Mr. Gobber arrived. "Good Mornin' everyone."

"â€|_a crucial figure in the transition between the Classical and Romantic era, he remains one of the most famous and influential of all composers. He's not only known for being deaf, but rather
â€|_"

I looked back expecting to see Jack. Unfortunately, he's nowhere to be found. While finding him, I caught Astrid looking at me so I smiled at her and she did the same. My eyes swayed back and forth of the classroom as my patience was still with me, anticipating for Jack's attendance.

"â€|_from the word 'flight'. Johann Sebastian Bach was known to be

the 'master of fugue', developed the character of counterpoint which created sense of unity. Basso Continuo or figured bassâ€¦|"_ Still no sign of him.

When Music History class ended, I hurried towards the door to look for Jack. However, I did not take another step as Mr. Gobber called me. "Mr. Haddock, may I speak with you for a moment?"

"Uh, yes, sir."

"Please. Pay. Attention. During. Class. This is a conservatory, a place not to pick up girls. By the way, just reminding you that we have lessons this early afternoon, occupying your usual vacant time of the week, I presume." He accented the first five words with a tone of irritation. And, oh, he's my major professor. Great, just great. When I got myself outside, Astrid seemed to be waiting for me along with her friend. "Hiccup! How's the first week? This is Heather, by the way." She beamed; Heather greeted me as well. "Wanna join us for lunch later?" Astrid invited; we headed to the other room for Music Listening class. _I'll look for him later_.

We went to the cafeteria to please our appetite, bought food and went to the pavilion. Astrid, Heather and I sat at one of the tables fashioned with sturdy snow-fallen umbrellas (the weather here was odd for some reason) and we ate our lunch to our heart's content untilâ€¦| "Hey Astrid! Is he the transfer student you were talking about?" asked the large blonde with glasses, holding a lot of books. "Oh, Felix! Yeah. He's Hiccup Haddock, piano major. Hiccup, meet Felix Ingerman, the Vice President of SCMC." Astrid introduced us to each other and he sat beside Heather.

"So, Astrid, I just read about perfect pitch. And y'know what? It's possible to gain it even if you're not born with it! I ordered CDs of David Burge's Lessons about it online. Can't wait to hear iiit!" Felix shared, squealed with exhilaration.

"Really? That's great! You should share that when you got it." Heather commented.

"Wow! That would be amazing! Although, I never thought about absolute pitch too much. It kinda ruins your ability to sight-read." Astrid debated.

"Okay, Ms. Sight-Reader." Felix frowned. Astrid rolled her eyes.

"Anyway, Hiccup, you should join some piano forums often." She recommended.

"Uh... I, uhâ€¦| I don't want to." I hesitated.

"Of course, you do! You get to perform like some kind of recital, or even a concert." Felix inferred.

"I-I'll think about it." I muffled.

The whole lunch went fine as we let ourselves drift from introductions, stating interests and dislikes to casual laughter of some pieces of our personal history.

My feet took me to the old piano room where I first saw Jack; maybe he was thereâ€¦ maybe not. I sighed but I snapped myself to pursue playing the crummy piano. The keys were surprisingly soft as the average ones, but the sound remained rickety. I began playing Humoresque Op. 101 No. 7 by Antonin Dvorak, a rather suited tune for the rustic hammers of the piano maybe old as time. Suddenly, two blonde people barged in and looked for a place to hide. The girl glared at me while her brother (or maybe her twin) kept himself busy hiding inside an empty cabinet cradled with cobwebs. She joined her brother's hideout; the physical educator came by, noticed me. "Did two students come in here?" he asked with exhaustion. "Uhâ€¦ no." I replied rather quietly, let my head motioned. He exited while the two came out from the dusty cabinet. "You're new here, huh? From the lousy classical music class, I guess." the blonde girl said in a boring tone. "The name's Tiffany. My friends usually call me Tifa." She claimed so. "And I'm Rafael" he introduced with a smug. "... or Raf. He doesn't look like a Rafael, right?" Tifa interjected so she received a hit on her head. Ouch. "Do that again." She demanded so he did so. _Ohhh kayy_. Raf clicked some repetitive notes on other antique pianos. "Stop that! You don't even know how to play a piano." Tifa whined. "Hey, you should watch our show" she proposed. "Or maybe join us for some jam and learn the art of rock and roll!" Raf added her suggestion. "Sure." I nodded. "We're leaving, so yeah, goodbye newbie!" I continued playing.

"Passengers will please refrain from flushing toilets while the train is standing in or passing through a station."

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When I spotted Studio D.S. 2, I knocked and twisted the doorknob. As expected, Mr. Gobber was waiting for me.

"Sit down." He patted supposed-to-be-my chair and sat on it. He reached for some books and placed them on top of the baby grand piano.

He placed a Stravinsky book and opened it on page 84. The Firebird Suite: The Second Tableau? Why would heâ€¦ "Why would give me such piece on our first lesson?" I complained.

"I believe in learning on the job." He calmly said.

I swallowed a little and prepared myself for sight-reading a piece. I tried to read the first phrases slowly as my hands were confused because of the different keys placed on the staves. I ignored not only the tempo markings but also the dynamics. Accidentals were provocative enough to make mistakes, well, a lot of mistakes. I wasn't half of the piece but Gobber closed the book. "That's enough." I flabbergasted with my eyes wide open hearing those words. "I actually forgot the books for you." He stated as if he didn't do anything wrong. "Good thing, I brought these." He placed First Lessons in Bach on the piano rack without any hesitation. Was he for real? "Uh, Bach's minuets?" I asked hinting my uncertainty. "Why not?" he answered without taking back. I played Bach's from Minuets, Gavottes to Sarabande. He dismissed me, announcing that tomorrow would be the real thing. I doubt it.

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"_Deceptive cadences are 'interrupted', 'surprised' endings of a phrase, a period or the whole piece. Its movement is dominant to any other scalar function except tonic, creating a 'weak' or 'hanging' resolution, in other words, it's a cliffhanger. While Plagal cadencesâ€¦|_"

"Sorry Ma'am for being late." A familiar voice chimed in. I peeked at the back to see the white-haired sat quietly at his spot and laid his eyes on me. I mouthed words "Where have you been?" just to receive "Why? You missed me?" from that jester who smirks, grins and smiles as always. "You wish." I responded mutely with my brows raised. "I was playing the piano" he gestured while demonstrating his fingerwork; I laughed quietly at his funny gesticulations. "You sure you were playing the piano?" I pronounced while he glared. As I snapped myself from that little "talk", I turned back to pay attention to Rudiments class, wearing a curve on my lips as his shallow happiness was pretty infectious.

When class had been dismissed, Jack and I went outside with only my bicycle since he didn't bring his, broken as his reason. He rode at the back of my bicycle; even though there was enough allowance, I became embarrassed as I can be. Imagine, two guys riding a bike like a couple. I tried to focus on the road and letting myself to speak first. "So, where is our destination, milady?" I joked. "Milady? Aw. You do miss me." He said in an endearing tone. "Of course, I missed you. I can't stop thinking about you." I kidded; then he hugged me. "Oh Hiccup, I was so touched." He rubbed his face unto my back. "Hey! Stop that! That is remarkably _manly_ of you!" I shouted as I almost lose balance. What the heck was that? His laughter let me be submissive as I forgot the staccato which kicked my chest a moment ago. We stopped in front of a convenient store to buy some ice cream.

"Thisâ€¦| is really good!" he savored while stains were beside his lips.

"You hadn't eaten ice cream before?"

"Uhhâ€¦| yeah. I never tried becauseâ€¦| uhh, I don't wanna lose my voice for, forâ€¦| Solfeggio." He uttered without his jocundity.

"Oh, I forgot. We're music students. But still, ice cream? Solfeggio is only a minor subject"

"Well, my teacher's pretty strict, so yeah."

"Ohâ€¦| I see." Guilt was unable to be masked by my poker face.

"The ice cream is really good." Jack confirmed as if it is alright.

As we finished eating, we went to Burgess, took him in front of his house.

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"See you tomorrow. And don't be late for class again!" I reminded him, concerned by his tardiness this week.

"Sure!" he waved as I rode my bike, on my way home.

2. Sidenote

Haddock Op. 2

"Allemande"

I woke up in the midst of a Sunday morning, still my eyes were closed, while my body was still stuck on a strange winter's lullaby. I felt something heavy on my chest, making me breathe uneasily. My eyes gained strength just to open them with a sight of the big pair of green eyes watching me. Witnessed my awakening, he licked my face and showed his toothless smile while wagging his tail. Seeing him first thing in the morning was a motivation to rise, removing my lackadaisical approach towards this day. Dad was attending some concert at the cultural center so it's just me and Toothless.

I prepared breakfast for the two of us; boy, he was ecstatic. After bolting down some fried fish and rice, I cleared the table and did the dishes. While rinsing the last plate, Toothless was humping my leg, pleading for attention, dropping the leash from his mouth, begging for some 'walk' in the park. "Alright, alright, Mr. Bossy" I gave him a pat and a nod, putting the collar on his neck. We went to the garage to get my pair of wheels; attached my pet's leash to my bike, on our way to the asphalt roads of Berk. I stepped on the left pedal and speed up. "Come on, bud! You seemed to be out of shape now, huh?" I gloated. The winds of the weather felt nice as we speed up, enjoying the cold air slapped onto our faces; my dark companion has this talent of keeping up with me (especially I was holding his leash). "Woohoo!" I shouted accompanied by Toothless' bark. When the bliss steered the wheel, it lost its moment as a snowball hit my face, causing me to lose balance. I gripped my handbrake causing a sudden stop, tripped and fell down to a convenient pile of snow; Toothless was digging me out.

"Are you alright?" A familiar voice vaguely concerned. I sneak a peek of who was worried about my obvious state; my, what have we here? No other than Jack, with his hands on his blue hoodie with some silver streaks on his neck and sleeves, fashioned with tight-fitted khaki pants and white pair of sneakers. I glared at him, suspecting, or maybe assuming he threw the snowball on my face. "What was that for?" I grimaced while trying to stand up. "It wasn't me." He snickered nonchalantly. When I finally stood up, Toothless and I walked past him.

"Hey!" he shouted; I ignored him until he threw another snowball at the back of my head.

"I have no idea who threw that." I glanced at him and released a smirk.

"Well, it wasn't Bigfoot, kiddo." He grinned. Somehow, I managed to disperse my frustration; I formed a ball of snow on my gloved palm and hit Jack's back. "Bigfoot? You believe those things exist?" I laughed at him while throwing snowballs; Toothless joined as well by kicking snow. Jack then chased the snow-coated black-furred canine as his target. He managed to hit him on his butt but Toothless was not amused; Jack began to run but Toothless jumped towards him, causing them to fall. I approached them, seeing Toothless wagging his tail,

looking at me while Jack was almost buried in a blanket of snow. When he spotted me, he began to move his hands up and down, forming a snow angel. "What the hell, Jack." I was trying to restrain my laughter but I failed as I felt my cheeks to puff out the pink and chuckle. "Are you seduced?" he bantered. "Yeah, yeah. Just get up" I gave him a hand while my stomach ached from giggling.

We walked along the quiet suburbs of Berk while holding my bike and Jack gripping Toothless' leash. It's almost the second week of my stay here yet this place never cease to amaze me by its breath-taking sceneries, the frost added its charm. Speaking of getting used to be here, I decided to shake off the silence by reminiscing, or rambling about my first week experience. _"I met some weird twins at Siegfried Musikk (the old building where I first met him)." I shared. _Basically, it was more of meeting new people but I was often with Jack since Astrid and her friends was busy as they were obligated to conduct departmental assemblies that the only conversation we had was roughly a minute greetings or chats. _"You should come join us for lunch sometime." I invited him but he demurred. _ Jack and I went to the library and tried sight-reading at a small studio. I failed at it while Jack did it flawlessly. _"How come you're poor at it?" Jack asked. "Well, it's not my forte. Kinda my weak spot." I embarrassedly proclaimed. "That answers my question, yeah." _

"_By the way, how come Ms. Fiona didn't let you recite? That was pretty unfair." I questioned as our Solfeggio teacher didn't even bother to double check her record book last Thursday; we even rehearsed Dannhauser together but I was the only one called._

"_Profs don't like me, huh?" he uttered with no hints of any worries. He sure was lax; a talented one. _

Good thing Jack was attending classes on time unlike before. Jamming with him every afternoon at Siegfried Musikk was like attending a world-class concert. Most of the time, he would touch the piano first while I observe him; he played while my skin was soaked with goose bumps and my spine was choked by chills. To say that he is a prodigy would be an understatement. _Well, he admitted that he is_; he took piano lessons at the age of 5. Then we would play four-hand piano duets but I preferred watching him_. It was really a good start for me here on Berkâ€¦|_

"â€¦|that's why, I thank you Jack." I sincerely said straight to his azure eyes, wide and surprised.

"What for?" his face turned red, as if it was the first time someone showed him gratitude.

"For keeping me company. Well, for being my friend, I guess?" I said cautiously.

He pursed his lips. Later, he just beamed.

"Actually, it's the first time that I'm comfortable with someoneâ€¦| especially just for a week." I shared a piece of my thought; it meant so much for me as I was pretty much tired of being alone. He ruffled my hair with his cold hands, placed a curve on his lips. He leaned towards me to whisper "Thanksâ€¦| too." He avoided his eyes on mine, took the Toothless' leash from me, walking off with him. Uh, what

happened?

I followed him until we stopped in front of "Secret Library", an awfully familiar place. He handed me Toothless. We opened the door causing a bell to ring; the shopkeeper, wore a gray toupee topped with a hat, creased in wrinkles adding maybe his crank, age spots explained his age, welcomed us in a tedious manner, shoos Toothless, forbidding the presence of my pet. "Sorry, bud. You have to stay outside." I patted his head, giving him an encouragement that he would be okay. "So the drama" Jack whined; I glared at him. "He'll be fine." He reassured. I hesitated to enter, leaving my black-furred friend by the door. Shelves of scores and tablatures, stocks of vinyl records alongside with a gramophone, audio cassettes and a music player filled every corner. I scanned some books while Jack checked some tapes. I was interrupted from reading a memoir of Schoenberg when Jack called me. "Check this out, it's really good." We wore a headphone that could fit both off our heads while I was slightly alarmed by his cold cheek touching mine. We listened to a song, a syncopated one, added with a strong bass, electric guitar and percussions; I guess it's rock with a hint of jazz. I never knew he was into those. The lyrics were dissonant as it has a cheerful tone. "It's my favorite song." I watched Jack smiling faintly, then looked at me. The stupor of our cheeks touching slowly fades while uneasiness conquered the moment. I cleared my throat and asked, "Are you gonna buy that?" "Nah. I have it already... I j-" He mentioned and whispered in decrescendo, low enough to hear only himself. "What?" I queried. "Nothing." He went ahead and the old shopkeeper glared at the door after Jack went outside. He then glared at me and went outside. He knelt in front of Toothless, caressing his fur.

"Toothless, he's a..." Jack anticipated for an answer, insinuated curiosity. "A golden retriever." I simply answered and prepared for the question. "How is he black?" he solicited as I expected. "Well, how is your hair white?" I countered just to rest, sipping air for a while, trying to digress. "I dyed it." He replied for about a minute. "I thought they won't allow students in the conservatory to dye their hair." I stated, continuing the flow of the chat, going off the original point. "Oops." He responded with an embarrassed smile. "So... About Toothless." A crease formed on my forehead; he was still inquisitive. "Toothless is diagnosed with melanism. My mom intended to adopt him as my companion." I uttered, fearing for the next thing: to be put through the wringer. "Interesting. And why is he toothless? Not referring to the name. Y'know... without teeth?" he gestured the canine's smile, letting his tongue out. "I-It's... kind of my fault." I heaved a sigh while guilt was evident on my face. Jack remained silent, anticipating for me to tell the story.

I was seated on a leather couch at the backstage; my hands slapped unto my face, covering mostly my eyes drowned in unending tears, cannot even manage to breathe well. All of a sudden, I heard a loud knock on a door and someone entered the room, marching as the footsteps overpowered my sobs. "You were amazing; were so amazing!" he paused for a while, trying to put up words that I was scared to wait for, so I tried to uncover my puffy eyes, still tears were flowing. "But you made a mess. You cried... during a performance!" I exposed my whole stained face with my eyebrows creased, and held my own arms. "You were like... like a lousy amateur! Have I taught you anything at all? You're... a disappointment. You embarrassed me." my father paced back and forth,

trying to relieve his temper, but more of venting his frustration towards me, of what I had done. "I-I-I'mâ€¦ sorry, dad. I just-" I tried to reason out but my throat was soaked by hiccups of my sniveling. My father sighed, massaging his temple, "Let's justâ€¦ go home." The gravel sounded rather noisy as we took every step to the parking lot, we were silent than the stones. Driving home, we hadn't uttered any word. I doze off when my eyes got tired from crying and I kept on hearing sighs and murmurs from my father. When we got home, standing in front of the porch, my father unlocked the door, just to see our home as a mess, with the windows opened, letting the cold night's breeze enter. The vast man exhaled heavily, walked to his room while I was left here in the living room. I didn't mind the mess but something caught my eye: my scratch pads of compositions tainted with paw prints, literally scratched, scattered all over the place, while the black dog sleeps soundly._

_ "T-toothless?" I stuttered while he suddenly opened his eyes wide. "You did this?" Unfortunately, my current mood was part of this scenario, making it worse. "G-getâ€¦ get out." I ordered, disappointed and confused of what I should be feeling but I left this pent-up frustrations devour me. He did not move but whined, pitying himself as I see it in his eyes; I escorted him outside. He began scratching the door, trying to get inside; but I ignored his hollers. I went upstairs while my footsteps had a conflict of its own: to hide or to proclaim fury about this vexatious day. As I found myself in my room, I slammed my weary body unto the bed, letting myself lounge, not minding the mess I made when I was trying to be dressed to the nines before the show. I couldn't refrain my tears from pouring again, as that moment kept on being the neon post-its which irritatingly brightens my mind; it even outshined that sunny smile of hers. Lethargy cradled me, stupor visited me, sleep rested upon me but I spoke too soon as noises of drunken neighbors from outside interfered. It gained my attention when I heard a familiar wail. I hurried downstairs, to the porch; I saw him under a flickering light. "Toothless!" my voice croaked, came to him, fell on my knees in front of him. "There, thereâ€¦" I hushed his whimpering and I noticed blood trails on the floor... and it flabbergasted me. The presence of the moonlight accompanied the broken street lamps as I observed Toothless; he was literally toothless. "I-I'm sorry, bud. Thisâ€¦ this is my faultâ€¦" When the sun had risen, the summation of pains from yesterday 'til that midnight still lingered. To play the piano would just bring me discomfort, matched by troubled thoughts. I focused more on Toothless; the fragile reminder of my fingertips never touched the keys of that fancy wood._

"Some drunken guys abused him." Instead of saying the whole thing, I stated a shorter version nasally.

"What the?!" he reacted.

"Yeahâ€¦ I just hope they get their just reward."

"Bummer. Well, for a dog, he's very much brave, huh?"

"Well, I'm really lucky having him."

"So! Now that we're hanging out and all, let's go to Lyric." He proposed while shifting the mood. I nodded.

Jack began playing Tarantelle No. 2 by Lucino Sacramento. Like most of the tarantellas, it has a fast upbeat tempo. Despite its wonderful melody, it was shorter than the other pieces so I was unable to sink in more, made me hanging. He noticed how I anticipated for more by giggling and saying, "It's over, Hiccup. Don't be sad. I'll play more, okay?" His laughter graced my ears so I chuckled with him. He began playing Prokofiev's Scherzo. It was unpredictable; I was having a hard time distinguishing the tonal center, making me having that mood with mischief, bounce and uncertainty; it was confusing yet jovial. The mid-part gave off an impression of mystery and connivance. The dynamics were in an act of surprise; at first, crescendos turned into fortissimos just to be suddenly in pianissimos. The entire piece was unpredictable; the notes, the key and the dynamics were. After playing, he looked at me and say, "Hey, play for me."

"W-what?" I stuttered. Trying to telepathically defy him.

"C'mon. How come it's always me? So unfair. I wanna hear you play too." Jack pouted, pleading me in a way of showing off those ocean eyes, sparkling subtly by the sunset. The pudgy shop owner looked at me weirdly, pointing maybe her toes in order to see us more. She waved her hand, suggesting that I should play. Her eyes fancied my conscience so I played for the sake of their satisfaction.

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So yeah, this isn't finished yet but some requested me to post even just the half of it. I know this chapter is boring. I'm kinda busy because of college _

I even want to finish this as a short story. I wanna throw it all out because *i dont wanna ruin it so yeah i should finish this as a multichapter fanfic* but the ending of this fic tho.. o3o

Anyway, I'm really sorry, readers. Lame excuse but.. am not really a writer. u.u

End
file.